

THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. 1.]

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 29, 1808.

[NO. 37.]

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,
——— We hither bring.

ON THE CAUSES AND EFFECTS OF

Early Marriages.

[IN CONTINUATION.]

AS soon as she had so far emerged from the troubles that had overwhelmed her, as to reflect upon circumstances foreign to her own immediate misery, she felt a strange curiosity, mixed with uneasiness, for the loss of a favourite companion, who had now been for some months missing. This girl, whose name was Ellen, was the daughter of a naval officer, and had been left at the age of eleven years, destitute of parents and of fortune. In this deserted situation, she was found by Mr. M.'s female relation, who had educated Maria, and was received as a sort of a companion to that young lady.— They became exceedingly attached to one another, and Ellen, who was naturally of a tender and susceptible disposition, imbibed, by imperceptible degrees, her friend's passion for novels, romances, and sentimental tales. Her heart was in this state of training, when Captain T. commenced his visits at the house. The same accomplishments and virtues which recommended him to Maria, recommended to her less fortunate friend; and a sentiment was gradually gaining ground in the bosom of Ellen, which was productive of consequences the most fatal to her peace. When she found that the Captain regarded her only as a quiet amiable girl, who could give him neither pleasure nor anxiety, and directed his attentions to Maria alone, her principle of honour forbade her to attempt the conquest of a heart, which was already devoted to her dearest friend.— It is true that his coldness and indifference occasioned her a deep and durable sorrow; but she struggled with her feelings till principle and reason so far got the better of passion as to allow her a perfect command of

her countenance and action, even before the lovers. The absence of hope enabled her to overcome so powerful a feeling, more easily than she otherwise could have done; for love, without hope, though among novelists it be a favorite topic of condolence, and a perpetual spring to awaken sympathy, is, in real life, but seldom of long duration. The brightest flame must perish, when deprived of the nourishing air. But in the bosom of Ellen, though the fires were almost subdued, the embers were still warm, and a breath could have kindled them in a moment to their original ardour. With collected resignation she had witnessed the arrangements which were made for the union of her beloved Charles with Maria, the friend of her youth, and patroness of her indigence. She had confined the secret of her love, with sacred caution, to her own bosom; and a tear never strayed along her cheek, to betray the emotions of her soul. Yet her passion was not so completely subdued, as to leave no vestiges of silent sorrow; her eyes were paler, and her form became less round; while her dark eyes gave, to her delicate complexion, an expression, of settled melancholy, the most beautiful and interesting. What must then have been her feelings, when she learnt that Don Pedro had gained the approbation of Mr. M. and that Maria was about to renounce for ever the possibility of uniting herself with Charles! In a state of the cruellest anxiety did she pass the time of Maria's imprisonment, but the instant the latter resolved on the acceptance of Don Pedro, she felt herself no longer restrained from following the dictates of her heart. Her fancy had long been fired by accounts of female heroism; Maria's inconstancy surprised, while it rejoiced her; and she longed to give Charles some proof of her affection, which should render it impossible for him to withstand the pleadings of her humble, though honourable attachment.

She accordingly procured for herself the habiliments of a common sailor,

and privately escaped from the house of Mr. M. to that part of the island where it was understood that Captain T. must in a short time land. She concealed herself for several days in a small inn, frequented by nautical people; and the Captain, as she expected, came on shore near the house, about dark in the evening. The landlord of the house had been formerly a servant of Mr. M.'s. but as Maria and Ellen had not been educated at home, the person of our fair adventurer was not known to her host, and the disguise of naval attire preserved her from detection, though enquiries were made, and advertisements published in every quarter by Mr. M.

When Ellen saw the Captain enter the house, her heart beat so violently, as almost to deprive her of breath; but she knew that her opportunity was now arrived, and, mustering all her courage, she requested the landlady to inform him that a young sailor was in the house, who wished to have a few moments conversation with him. The captain desired the sailor to be admitted. Ellen entered, but trembled so that she could scarcely stand.— The Captain perceived her agitation, and enquired the cause. She sunk upon a chair and burst into tears.

"Unfortunate youth!" exclaimed Charles, "what would you have with me? Can I be of service in relieving your distresses?"

"Sir answered Ellen, I am resolved on a sea-faring life. My parents are dead, I am thrown upon the wide world without friends or fortune, nay, almost without hope." As she spoke the last words, she blushed deeply.

"Without hope," said Charles, smiling, "perhaps you are in love."

Ellen hid her face with her hands.

"Come, my brave lad, be not ashamed of that, I know myself the pleasure of this delightful passion."

"Perhaps," said Ellen, softly, "you never knew the pains of it."

"Nor ever shall, I hope," Charles, gaily; "for in two or three days I shall be married, and then fare

well to doubt and fear. You shall be of my crew; I like your appearance, and if I find you an honest and well-disposed lad, I will keep you about my person. When I marry, I will bring you all on shore, and give you a dance on Mr. M.'s green. My Maria shall welcome you all, and then.

"Miss Maria M." interrupted Ellen, "your Maria—ah!"

"What do you mean?" cried Charles.

Ellen gasped for breath; she wished to relate the facts which were happiness to her; but her joy was mixed with sorrow, when she reflected on the pain that her intelligence would give to Charles. She hesitated, and again, but in vain, attempted to speak.

"For heaven's sake, keep me no longer in suspense," he exclaimed, "I cannot endure this agony of doubt."

"Do you not know then," said Ellen, "that this morning was appointed for the wedding, and that by this time, she is the wife of Don Pedro de G——; I am just arrived from that part of the island, and have witnessed the marriage preparations."

"It is false—it cannot, shall not be!" cried Charles, and rushing down the stairs, he seized upon the landlord. "Williams, (asked he) have you heard of a wedding to day upon the island?"

"Oh yes, sir," answered he, "I am this moment come from it. It would have done your heart good to see the fine set out of ladies, and beef, and tables, and fiddles, and ale, in the good old English style, with sets in the garden, and coloured lamps, and I do not know what all."—"Whose wedding, whose wedding," said the breathless Charles.

"Lord bless your soul, sir, why, Miss Maria M.'s to be sure (she is not Miss M. now), to Don Pedro de G. I was an old servant of squire M.'s, and came over with him from England; and so he gave me an invitation to the dinner and ball, you see."

"Enough, enough," said the Captain; and clasping his hands together, he called upon Ellen to follow him. She was down the stairs in an instant.

"Why, sure, sir, you will not go to the ship now in the dark," observed Williams.

"I have business," returned the Captain; and followed by Ellen, he walked to the water side. He loosened a skiff that lay tied to the shore, and they both, without uttering a syllable, seated themselves within it.

[To be continued.]

Of regime. of Health.

THERE is a wisdom in this beyond the rules of physic: a man's own observation what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health; but it is a safer conclusion to say, "This agreeth not well with me, therefore I will not continue it;" than this, "I find no offence of this, therefore I may use it;" for strength of nature in youth passeth over many excesses which are owing a man till his old age. Discern of the coming on of years, and do not to do the same things still; for you will not be deceived. Beware of sudden change in any great point of diet, and if necessity enforce it, fit the rest to it; for it is a secret both

in nature and state, that it is safer to change many things than one. Examine thy customs of diet, sleep, exercise, apparel, and the like; and try in any thing thou shalt judge hurtful, to discontinue it by little and little; but so, as if thou dost find any inconvenience by the change, thou come back to it again: for it is hard to distinguish that, which is generally held good and wholesome, from that, which is good particularly, and fit for thine own body. To be freeminded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and sleep and of exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting. As for the passions and studies of the mind, avoid envy, anxious fears, anger fretting inwards, subile and knotty inquisitions, joys and exhilarations in excess, sadness not communicated. Entertain hopes, mirth rather than joy, variety of delights, rather than surfeit of them; wonder and admiration, and therefore novelties; studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplation of nature. If you fly physic in health altogether it will be too strange for your body when you shall need it; if you make it too familiar, it will work no extraordinary effect when sickness cometh. I commend rather some diet for certain seasons, than frequent use of physic, except it be grown into a custom; for those diets alter the body more, and trouble it less. Despise no new accident in your body, but ask opinion of it. In sickness, respect health principally; and in health, action: for those that put their bodies to endure in health, may in most sicknesses which are not very sharp, be cured only with the diet and tendering. Celsus could never have spoken it as a physician, had he not been a wise man withal, when he giveth it for one of the great precepts of health and lasting, that a man do vary and interchange contentions; but with an inclination to the more benign extreme: use fasting and full eating, but rather full eating; watching and sleep, but rather sleep; sitting and exercise, but rather exercise, and the like: so shall nature be cherished, and yet taught masteries. Physicians are some of them so pleasing and conformable to the humour of the patient, as they press not the true cure of the disease; and some other are so regular in proceeding according to art for the disease, as they respect not sufficiently the condition of the patient. Take one of a middle temper; or, if it may not be found in one man, combine two of either sort; and forget not to call as well the best acquainted with your body, as the best reputed of his faculty.

EACON.

The Temple of Avarice:

I WAS now returned in the same manner as before, with a design to examine carefully every thing that passed in the region of Avarice, and the occurrences in that assembly, which was made up of persons of my own age. This body of travellers had not gone far in the third great road, before it led them insensibly into a deep valley, in which they journeyed several days, with great toil and uneasiness, and without the necessary refreshments of food and sleep. The only relief they met with, was in a river that run through the bottom of the valley on a bed of golden sand: they often drank of this stream, which had such a particular quality in it, that

though it refreshed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirst. On each side of the river was a range of hills full of precious ore; for where the rains had washed off the earth, one might see in several parts of them long veins of gold, and rocks that looked like pure silver. We were told that the deity of the place had forbid any of his votaries to dig into the bowels of these hills, or convert the treasures they contained to any use, under pain of starving. At the end of the valley stood the Temple of Avarice, made after the manner of a fortification, and surrounded with triple-headed dogs, that were placed there to keep off beggars. At our approach, they all fell a barking, and would have much terrified us, had not an old woman, who had called herself by the forged name of Competency, offered herself for our guide. She carried under her garment a golden bow, which she no sooner held up in her hand, but the dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred iron doors before we entered the temple. At the upper end of it, sat the god of Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre starved countenance, inclosed with heaps of ingots and pyramids of money, but half naked and shivering with cold: on his right hand was a fiend called Rapine, and on his left a particular favourite, to whom he had given the title of Parsimony; the first was his collector, and the other his cashier. There were several long tables placed on each side of the temple, with respective officers attending behind them: some of these I enquired into: at the first table was kept the office of Corruption. Seeing a solicitor extremely busy, and whispering every body that passed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and saw him often going up to a person that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication-table and an almanack before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the learning he was master of. The solicitor would often apply himself to his ear, and at the same time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper, or parchment, signed and sealed in form. The name of this dexterous and successful solicitor was Bribery. At the next table was the office of Extortion: behind it sat a person in a bob-wig, counting over a great sum of money: he gave out little purses to several, who after a short tour, bro't him, in return, sacks full of the same kind of coin. I saw at the same time, a person called Fraud, who sat behind the counter, with false scales, light weights, and scanty measures; by the skilful application of which instruments, she had got together an immense heap of wealth: it would be endless to name the several officers, or describe the votaries that attended in this temple: there were many old men, panting and breathless, reposing their heads on bags of money; nay, many of them actually dying, whose very pangs and convulsions (which rendered their purses useless to them) only made them grasp them the faster. There were some tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and flesh of many miserable persons who stood before them; and with the other hand throwing away what they had seized, to harlots, flatterers, and panders, that stood behind them. On a sudden the whole assembly fell a trembling; and, upon enquiry, I found that the great room we were in was haunted with a spectre, that many times a day ap-

peared to them, and terrified them to distraction. In the midst of their terror and amazement, the apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this phantom, which had rendered the sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, she did not make so indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the god of this loathsome temple. The miserable votaries of this place were, I found, of another mind: every one fancied himself threatened by the apparition as she stalked about the room, and began to lock their coffers, and tie their bags, with the utmost fear and trembling. I must confess, I look upon the passion which I saw in this unhappy people, to be of the same nature with those unaccountable antipathies which some persons are born with, or rather as a kind of phrenzy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies at the sight of so useful and innocent a thing as water. The whole assembly was surprised, when, instead of paying my devotions to the deity whom they all adored, they saw me address myself to the phantom. "Oh! Poverty! (said I) my first petition to thee is, that thou wouldest never appear to me hereafter; but, if thou wilt not grant me this, that thou wouldest not bear a form more terrible than that in which thou appearest to me at present. Let not thy threats or menaces betray me to any thing that is ungrateful or unjust. Let me not shut my ears to the cry of the needy. Let me not forget the person that has deserved well of me. Let me not, from any fear of Thee, desert my friend, my principles, or my honour. If Wealth is to visit me, and come with her usual attendants, Vanity, and Avarice, do thou, O Poverty! hasten to my rescue; but bring along with Thee thy two sisters, in whose company thou art always cheerful, Liberty and Innocence."

TATLER.

'A strange World This.'

Yes, and strange sort of beings inhabit it! Indeed, I am of opinion that the world is not so much to blame as the inhabitants; and was every person strictly to examine into his own conduct, I am persuaded, instead of laying the blame on the world, he would say of himself—'A strange creature this!' But to attend to the consequences of our own conduct, is a task too burthensome; it is much easier to lay the censure upon the world.

The preacher, who, by his dullness, has driven all the people from the church, looks round (after he has delivered a suporific) and sighs out, 'what a dull congregation?'—'A strange world this.'

Authors who

—'Painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their reader's sleep.'

When they find their works are neglected, and themselves sinking into oblivion, quarrel with the readers for their want of taste. 'This,' say they, 'is a strange world.'

Farmers, who mix rye with their wheat, pour water into their cider, tie up swinging tow with their flax, and practice twenty other frauds with produce, when they find it will not sell, lay the

blame on the merchant, for endeavouring to keep down the market. 'A strange world this!' say they, with deep groans, as they return home, after having been forced to sell their adulterated produce at half price.

The merchant, who has jockeyed, shaved, and hit his customers, until none but those who are forced by their poverty will deal with him, perceives his honest neighbour taking his best custom from him, exclaims—'A strange world this!'

The haughty spark, paying his addresses to a lady of prudence and sensibility, depending upon the wealth of his father, and his own fashionable *chapeau* and powdered locks, to carry every thing before him, when he finds himself neglected, and the affections of the lady placed upon some industrious worthy man, begins to think all women are fools, and that 'this is a strange world.'

The parents of the lady, who always looked upon riches as the 'one thing needful,' and who consider men without wealth as the Mahometans do women, as having no souls, will be ready to tear the hair off their daughter's head. Here I am ready to cry out myself—'A strange world this!'

Dryden and Tonson:

When Dryden had finished his translation of Virgil, after some deliberation with himself, he sent the M. S. to Jacob Tonson, requiring for it certain sum, which he mentioned in a note. Tonson was desirous of possessing the work, but meanly wished to avail himself of Dryden's necessities, which, at that time, were particularly urgent. He therefore, informed Dryden, that he could not afford to give so much for it as he demanded. In answer to this, Dryden sent the following lines to Tonson, whom they were meant to describe:

With leering look, bull-faced, freckled fair,
With two left legs, with Judas coloured hair,
And frouzy pores that taint the ambient air.

When they were delivered to Tonson, he asked if Mr. Dryden had said any thing more. Yes, Sir, answered the bearer, he said, 'Tell the dog, that he who wrote these lines will write more like them.' Tonson immediately paid the money which Dryden had at first demanded for his Virgil.

Part of a Welsh Sermon.

A bride should have nine quainications beginning with the letter P, viz. Piety, Person and Parts, Patience, Prudence and Providence, Privilege, Parentage and Portion: but that which should be first of all, and most of all in consideration, which is Piety, is now the least of all, and with many nothing at all;—and that which should be least of all, and last of all in consideration, which is Portion, is become first of all, most of all, and with many, all in all.

Stability.

Some one writing against gravity, says, the gravest beast is an *ass*; the gravest bird is an *owl*; the gravest fish is an *oyster*; and the gravest man is a *fool*!

Returns for Injuries:

There are three kinds of return for injuries; abject submission, severe retaliation, and contemptuous disregard. The first is always the worst, and the last generally the best: yet, however different they may be in themselves, the dignity of the last is so much superior to common conceptions, that you may perhaps be forced upon the second, purely to prove that you did not stoop to the first.

Woman.

A great woman not imperious, a fair woman not vain, a woman of common talents not jealous, an accomplished woman who scorns to shine—are four wonders—just fit to be divided among the four quarters of the globe.

Life is a picture.

LIFE is a picture; fortune the frame, but misfortune the shade—the first only its intrinsic ornament, but the latter if well sustained, forms the intrinsic merit by giving a bolder relief to the figures.

Few words are best.

The following letter from a Lady to her husband is not a little laconic?

"I write to you because I have nothing to do, and I conclude, because I have nothing to say."

Sauteuil.

Sauteuil was the first who let fly the shafts of satire against the Monks. A native of Province complained to an attorney at Paris, that he had been cheated by a Monk, "What Sir," says Sauteuil, who was present, "a man of your years not know the Monks!—There are four things in the world you should always guard against; the face of a woman, the hind part of a mule, the side of a cart, and a monk on all sides."

A. ecclote.

A devotee lamented to her confessor her love of gambling. 'Ah! madam,' replied the priest, 'it is a grievous sin. In the first place consider the great loss of time.' 'Yes,' replied the fair penitent, 'I often begrudged the time that is lost in *shuffling and dealing*.'

A blind fiddler playing to a company, and playing scurvily, the company laughed at him. His boy who led him observing it cried, "Let us be gone father, they do nothing but laugh at you." "Hold your peace," said the fiddler, "we shall have the money presently, and then we shall laugh at them."

A gentleman who sat to Hayman for his portrait, desired that it might be kept a secret.—Notwithstanding such injunction, the artist showed it to some of his friends, who not being able to discover any likeness, Hayman observed, that the gentleman wished it to be kept a secret.

Selected Poetry.

The following imitation of the celebrated Swiss Air "RAN DES VACHES," in which there is great simplicity and sweetness, is from the pen of the Editor of the *Sheffield Iris*, author of the *Wanderer of Switzerland*.

The Song of the Swiss

IN A STRANGE LAND.

O WHEN shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains, the mind I adore?
O when shall I dance on the daisy white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed?

When shall I return to thy lowly retreat,
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet?
The lambs and the heifers that follow my call;
My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?
O when shall I visit the land of my birth?
Is the loveliest land on the face of the earth.

TO A

LADY

WHO HAD A PENNY FOR MY THOUGHT.

A Penny! it is for a thought
Of mine, dear B—, if so you've bought,
The trifle much too high.
Howe'er, you pay with so much grace,
You've left another in its place,
The world's too poor to buy.

On Mrs. Poor, at p—th.

The nymph that with riches abounds,
The breast of each shepherd alarms;
The proverb says, "Ten thousand pounds,
"Is sure to have ten thousand charms!"
When beauty or title e'en fails,
'Tis gold can a lover procure;
Yet, strange! not a nymph that here dwells,
But wishes herself to be Poor.

Epigram.

A Gentle No, said with a smile,
Is worth a hundred Yesses;
Not but I languish all the while,
To taste your balmy kisses:

But when I seize that rapt'rous joy,
Pray seemingly resist,
And whilst you willingly comply,
Cry out—I won't be kist,

REMOVAL.

Judkins & Senter,

INFORM their friends and customers that they have removed to the corner of Broad and Pleasant Streets, where they have on hand a variety of the most fashionable

Cabinet Work, & Chairs.

of every kind, which they will sell as cheap for Cash or English and West-India Goods, as can be bought in this town or elsewhere.

They gratefully acknowledge past favours, and solicit a continuance. All orders will be punctually attended to. OCTOBER 29.

List of Letters,

Remaining in the Post-Office at York,
October 4, 1808.

James Connor.	John Chapman, 2.
Margaret S. Clark.	Nathan Haste.
Peter Littlefield.	Joseph Main.
Isaac Parker, Esq.	Daniel Sweet.
Rufus Simpson.	

NATHANIEL SARGENT, P. M.

To the Ladies.

Just published, and for sale at the Bookstore of
THOMAS & TAPPAN, price one Dollar, the 4th
edition of a new system of

DOMESTIC COOKERY,

Formed upon principles of economy, and adapted to the use of private families—by a LADY. *Containing*, Miscellaneous observations for the use of the Mistress of a Family—Different methods of cooking the several kinds of Fish—Observations on dressing Fish.—On dressing Meats—On dressing Poultry—On making Pies—On making Soups—On making Gravies and Sauces—On making Vinegars and Pickles—On making Stews—On making Salads and boiling Vegetables—Small Dishes for Supper—Force-meat for Patties, Balls, or Stuffing—Pastry—Puddings—Sweet Dishes—Fruits—Ices—Cakes—French Bread—To make and preserve Yeast—To pot and roast Cheese.—To poach Eggs—On managing a Dairy—Home Brewery—Cookery for the Sick—Useful Directions to give to Servants.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As the directions which follow were intended for the conduct of the families of the authoress's own daughters, and for the arrangement of their table, so as to unite a good figure with proper economy, she has avoided all excessive luxury, such as essence of ham, and that wasteful expenditure of large quantities of meat for gravy, which so greatly contributes to keep up the price, and is no less injurious to those who eat, than to those whose penury bids them abstain. Many receipts are given for things which, being in daily use, the mode of preparing them may be supposed to be well known to require a place in a cookery book; yet how rarely do we meet with fine melted butter, good toast and water, or well made coffee! She makes no apology for minuteness in some articles, or for leaving others unnamed, because she writes not for professed cooks. This little work would have been a treasure to herself, when she first set out in life, and she therefore hopes it may be useful to others. In that idea it is given to the public, and as she will receive from it no emolument, so she trusts it will escape without censure.

The best recommendation this work can have, is to say, that it has run through three large editions the year past. OCTOBER 1, 1808.

Select Miscellaneous Classics.

HASTINGS, ETHERIDGE & BLISS,
No. 8, State-street, Boston,

AND S. ETHERIDGE,

Washington Head, Charlestown,

ARE PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION,

In 60 Volumes Duodecimo, to be ornamented with plates engraved by the first American Artists;

ENTITLED,

"Select Miscellaneous Classics,"

COMPRISING THE ENTIRE WORKS OF

Pope, Swift, Smollet, Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Sterne, and Fielding.

PROSPECTUS.

The MISCELLANEOUS CLASSICS are intended to comprise the above valuable and approved authors. The two first volumes of Pope are already published, as a specimen of the size, and style of execution, of this undertaking.—The publishers intend issuing the residue to match the first volumes, so as to complete an uniform set of these valuable and scarce books; which are intended to form a complete little library of the choicest writings in the English language. This plan offers to the public a cheap and easy mode of procuring the best books, at a very reasonable price, by taking a volume at a time. The payment will be divided in such a manner as will put it in the power of almost every one to purchase it by subscribing. To those who do not subscribe, the price will be raised 25 per cent. at least.

With the fullest confidence of a liberal patronage from those gentlemen who have hitherto supported the American press, the publishers submit the following

CONDITIONS.

1. The Miscellaneous Classics are printing on fine velum paper, similar to the two first volumes, already published, and which are ready to be delivered to subscribers.
2. The work will be issued, one or more volumes a month, and delivered to subscribers in extra boards, at one dollar each, payable on delivery; and if not pressed, one dollar and twenty-five cents.
3. Any person having other editions of any of these authors, may have the privilege of taking such only as they have not; or theirs will be taken at a fair price, in part payment.
4. Individuals procuring subscribers are entitled to one copy for every ten they may obtain, they becoming responsible for the payment.
5. The names and residence of the subscribers to the Miscellaneous Classics, shall be published at the end of the work.

Boston, June 22, 1808.

Subscriptions for the above are received at the
Bookstore of THOMAS & TAPPAN.

LOST.

Lost on Saturday last, a pocket

book containing eleven hundred dollars in various notes, with divers other papers, of no benefit to any but the owner.

Whoever may find, and will return the same, shall be handsomely rewarded:

EZEKIEL FLANDERS.

Portsmouth, Oct. 15, 1808.

The Literary Mirror,

PUBLISHED ON SATURDAYS,

By STEPHEN SEWALL,

AT HIS PRINTING OFFICE IN COURT-

OPPOSITE THE BRICK MARKET,

PORTSMOUTH,

N. H.